

The shamefull downefall of the Popes Kingdome

Contayning the life and death of *Steeuen Garnet*, the Popes chiefe Priest in England:
being executed in Paules Church-yard in London the 3. of May last. 1606.

To the tune of, Triumph and loy.

Garnet, the Popes chiefe wandring Priest, his habite and attire.



Et all true English heartes naming
Once the Lord our heavenly King,
Which Treasons vnto light doth bring,
To thy Authoys endlesse shame.

Wher Treason was more vild and bad,
Which Papists reem conspired bad,
To make all England moyne and sad,
To Papists endlesse shame.

For former age was euer bent,
Such Treasons strange for to inuent,
And turne them to so ill intent:
To Papists endlesse shame.

The Treasons all, God hath bewaide,
Which Pope & Priests and Papists laide:
For God above is still our ayde,
To Papists endlesse shame.

These thirtie pearles no Traytors spight
Was brought against the Gospels light,
Nor yet against our Soueraignes right,
To Papists endlesse shame.

But Steeuen Garnet (boyde of grace)
Knew when, and how, and where the place
That Treasons plotting were apace,
To Papists endlesse shame.

He traualle did both farre and neare,
Like to a Wolfe and ravenous Beare,
To keepe poore slip soules in feare,
To Papists endlesse shame.

He hath seduced many a soule,
And in his Dooke did them inroule,
To make them perche the Diuell toyle,
To Papists endlesse shame.

For he to bring them in chaine,
Doe sent part hence for to be chaine,
And traytors seducing chaine,
To Papists endlesse shame.

The Women Humes he hath aduayd,
Thinking thereby that he hath gain'd
Their soules in Hell for to be pain'd,
To Papists endlesse shame.

His Pardons and his Bulls are cross,
His Popish dignitie is lost:
His Reliques eke, to his great cost,
And Papists endlesse shame.

His holy Bones, and holy Stockes,
His holy Shirts, and holy Smockes:
Are come vnto the Hang-mans bore,
To Papists endlesse shame.

His (Holiness) ayde is now puld downe,
Which Traytors lou'd in Citie & towne:
Derricke (the Hang-man) hath his gowne
To Papists endlesse shame.

Now naught auails his holy Masse,
For time hath brought it to passe,
That he is prou'd worse then an Asse,
To Papists endlesse shame.

His Abbots, Priors, Monks, & friers,
And other his religious quiers,
Haue prou'd themselves all to be liers,
To Papists endlesse shame.

Their great Commander he is gon:
Which Holiness seende to put on:
But proude himselfe traylerous on
To Papists endlesse shame.

And by the Sherrifes of London
He thence was brought, with us
Euen as a Wolfe from his
To Papists endlesse shame.

In Paules Church-yard on Ser
Was built a gibbet painefull
On which this traytor was
To Papists endlesse shame.

Unto which place then did he
There for to learne him for to
And take his farewell in a
To Papists endlesse shame.

He was hang'd like was hang'd
The change they did him
That was his
To Papists endlesse shame.

He was quartered presently
Derricke and his men then by
He was up in places by,
To Papists endlesse shame.

His well was call'd Garnet
Being counterfayte to R
For his reproch will still
To Papists endlesse shame.

Let Poore and Papistes
That sech a Counterfayte
Which hath their Kingdome
To Papists endlesse shame.

And let them with Can
Curse all the Diuels their
Which makes it against
To Papists endlesse shame.

Let Christians
Which haue
And hath
To P

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